

also devoured; but how ill-read and ignorant she would be thought by many a modern miss! And yet how often do we meet today as good a writer and as attractive a human being? Are we surfeited, comes the misgiving question, with the good things, not only of the material, but of the intellectual world as well? Do we travel through the realms of gold in too American a fashion, with no time to digest a tenth of what we swallow, or are we forcibly stuffed with? For this scantily educated young woman possessed all the essential things—the secret of style, not only in letters, but in life. She had never heard of Botticelli; she very likely thought the sun went round the earth; and yet It is a lasting wonder how little difference, beyond a certain point, the increase of knowledge seems to make. May not the modern educationalist have grounds for heart-searching here?

But there remains little more to tell of Dorothy Osborne from the point where her letters end and her married life begins. Her husband rose rapidly in the * world of diplomacy. He concluded, with an unexampled quickness due to the impression of frank honesty he gave, the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden—the first of that great series of coalitions which for the next century and a half were to curb the dominance of France, and in Pepys's judgement 'the one good public thing that hath been done since

the King
came into England'. He was a main
instrument in that
momentous wedding of Princess Mary to
William of
Orange. In his triumphs Dorothy Lady
Temple shared,
admired to the last for her letters and in her
old age a
trusted friend of Queen Mary; but, as she
foresaw, life
brought her its share of sorrow too. Seven of
her children
died in infancy. Her one remaining
daughter, Diana,
was carried off by smallpox in her youth.
Her one